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Decision on India

WHEN the history of the period has been relegated to our school books, it may well be that England's Labor Government will bear greater onus for its decision on India than for its failure to give the British people adequate warning of their catastrophic national production crisis. The exploitation involved in the British Empire has long served as a counter-charge to criticisms of various dictators, but it is difficult to indulge in any hat-tossing over the prospect which now faces India.

Mr. Attlee is definitive enough. If by June 1948 no central government exists for India as a whole, the British will relinquish the reins to various provincial governments. The British have committed themselves to leave by then regardless of the current internal political situation of that land peopled by some 400,000,000 souls.

It is not that preparatory steps are lacking since the pioneering "Government of India Act" was adopted in 1919. The British have consistently discussed and planned for the independence of India in the past quarter century. Numerous American "political liberals" have put little faith in special British missions to India or in other serious efforts to establish independence on a viable basis. It was widely suspected that the consistent inability of Hindus and Moslems to get together was secretly nurtured behind the scenes. All this is not to whitewash the British record in India by any means, but rather to call attention to honest efforts to prepare India for independence or, at least, Dominion status.

That much is clear. The purpose of this comment is not to castigate the hard-pressed Labor Government for announcing so suddenly its intention of leaving India to her own devices regardless. Nor to make too much of the observation that as long as India was an economic asset, the the British hung on by tooth and nail. Nor to forget what the British have brought to India in the way of order, transport, sanitation and education—to counterbalance the long years of economic exploitation. The general principle of colonial responsibilities is in question here (as it is in the Viet Nam case discussed later in this issue in the correspondence columns).

What is the situation which faces India's impoverished millions? The two major political groups remain at violent odds. Mr. Nehru of the Hindu Congress Party welcomes the announcement; Mr. Jinnah of the Moslem League reviles it. And while the Moslems have sullenly participated in the India interim government, they have refused to take part in the Constituent Assembly convened for the purpose of erecting the framework of a central government for India. The Moslems are not satisfied with assurances of wide provincial autonomy and demand the creation of a separate State, Pakistan, in which the Moslems now outnumber the Hindus two to one. And it is not possible to leave out of this prospect the recurrent Hindu-Moslem riots.

The abandonment of India, therefore, long the objective of so many devotees of human liberty, is anything but auspicious at this time. Empire involves responsibilities and those responsibilities are not discharged until the peoples achieving political independence reach a position which will assure a certain minimum of order, livelihood, and other basic guarantees of individual human freedom. And it is difficult to conceive of such a set-up outside a general international framework.

The Scores Begin to Come In

EVER since the war ended, America—or at least the American press—has been unusually self-conscious about our economic position. Never before have conventions of automobile dealers or home builders listened in solemn and perhaps awestruck silence to such economic punditry as has now become the rule. They seem genuinely worried, not about the technical details of their trades and occupations, as they always have been,

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but about such abstruse matters as the gross national income, the total of savings, the rate of consumer borrowing and all the rest of the metaphysics of business. This is probably a good thing, but it can also lead to the usual faults of self-consciousness: a certain lack of confidence, a certain gawkiness and worriment.

Last fall and this winter have seen any number of more or less dire predictions of wild inflation and of sodden deflations, all of them based upon the best available figures (our government and our trade associations have spread themselves wonderfully in the matter of supplying statistics on everything under the sun from hairnets to steam dredges). But it is doubtful whether any normal citizens could obtain a very clear or useful picture from the aggregate of these comments and interpretations. It is perhaps safe to guess that the net reaction on the public mind has been roughly this: that the people's war savings are not as great as you might have expected; that most people are paying cash for what goods they succeed in getting—except, of course, houses; that the likelihood of deflation is greater than the likelihood of inflation; that a major depression and attendant unemployment is all too likely to come soon.

Gradually the actual figures for 1946 are beginning to come in, and the picture they give us requires radical revision of these views. It is impossible to state precisely the total savings held by the American people as individuals and families, but it is probably safe to say that they are approximately equal to the whole of our national income for 1946: $164,000,000,000. This national income, by the way, is almost exactly double the national income for 1929. One can arrive at the total figure for savings in a number of different ways, but two figures are indicative. In 1946 the total long-term (i.e., savings) deposits amounted to 53.4 billions (the equivalent figure in 1929 was 28.6). In 1946 there were outstanding some 49 billions in government savings bonds (there were substantially none in 1929). The insurance companies report tremendous increases in life insurance policies in force. And one figure which is often neglected does much to counteract the general assumption that the great bulk of personal savings belongs to only about 30 percent of the population. This is the figure for currency in circulation outside of banks. In 1929, 3.6 billions of currency were in circulation; in 1946, 26.5 billions. Since the national income had doubled during this period, it might be presumed that some 7 billions of currency would suffice the actual economic machinery of the nation—at a rough estimate. Hence it is probably safe to assume that between 15 and 20 billions in currency have been salted away in the proverbial socks and mattresses. If this were divided equally for every man, woman and child in the country, it would mean that every last one of them would have $100 in cash tucked away. So the savings picture needs revision.

We have recently been informed that Americans are borrowing more money and making greater use of credit facilities than ever before in history; 1946 is reported to have seen an increase of 6 billions in the total personal debt of individuals. Consumer credit obligations, which roughly cover such things as charge accounts, instalment accounts and personal loans, aggregated over 9 billions in 1946 (the 1929 figure, when Americans were widely thought to have gone instalment-crazy, was 7.6 billions). Hence it is clear that Americans are not paying cash for what they buy. It has been suggested that the reason for this increase in consumer borrowing is the exhaustion of war savings on the part of the individuals concerned; is it not more likely that Americans have learned to use their savings as a basis for extending their credit?

If this hypothesis is correct, and there is no particular reason to doubt it, the threat we principally face is indeed still inflation rather than deflation, and the performance of the commodity markets during the last few weeks tends to confirm this conclusion. Wheat futures are up and firm; hogs are the highest they have ever been in history, with the market active at the highs. Cotton has made gains when there was fear that it would be a drug on the market.

With the scores beginning to come in, then, the picture, although containing soft spots and elements of danger—as every current economic picture always will, since no economy is ever stable—is not too unfavorable for the next year or two. Let us hope that those who have the power to do so will stand out against pressure and not let credit expand too violently—although it should be pointed out emphatically that, when the national income and the aggregate national savings are borne in mind, personal credit could double without reaching the danger point. That gives us a considerable margin of safety.

Sugar and the U. S. A.

THIS ITEM might not bring on a fling of general rejoicing in eastern Rumania, but as a matter of worldwide news interest it should be pointed out that although the inhabitants of Moldavia were very nearly done in by famine last week, the American housewife, during the same period, was holding her own. A few days after President Truman had ordered an emergency shipment of food to Rumania, the International Emergency Food Council announced from Washington that American household sugar consumers could be of good cheer—the Council

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had recommended allocating to the United States some 6,800,000 tons of this year's 32,000,000 ton (anticipated) sugar harvest, a consignment which is expected to loose a restive public from the constraints of wartime rationing and to re-establish domestic per capita sugar allowance at very near the old free and easy pre-war level. The Council's reassuring bulletin is expected to bring new peace and courage to the American housewife, who, according to newspaper reports of the IEFC decision, has been tossing about in a state of almost constant anger or despair in an effort to maintain her standards while struggling against the limitations of a rationed sugar supply.

As another indication of this country's assured economic position and as evidence of continued well-being for the remaining months of 1947 the IEFC report is, of course, good news. Wealth is always reassuring, and it is nice to know that, if money can do it, the citizens of this country should go along for some time in a condition of sound general health and—as far as there is any relation between the two—spiritual repose. The IEFC announcement contains reasons for more remote satisfaction as well; in addition to the promise of a major improvement in the American consumer's position, the Council foresees more sugar during 1947 for the people of 24 other countries. The only thing that makes the IEFC document somewhat less stirring that the Atlantic Charter is an absence of detail.

We are grateful to hear that approximately one-fifth of the 1947 world sugar crop will be allocated to the United States and we realize that in the world of real facts this is the way of things, because only the United States can pay for such an impressive cut of the world's food. The Council's report would have been a more heartening statement, though, if it had contained some hint that the United States planned to pass on a part of this sugar to housewives who do not happen to be Americans. In fact, the whole prospect would be less troubling if the newspaper stories dealing with the Council's findings had not referred so constantly to the desires of the American housewife, a forceful collective figure who, as portrayed by the newspapers in connection with the IEFC report, can be soothed only by an immediate increase in the amount of sugar available for kitchen use, no matter how things happen to be going at the moment in Moldavia.

The American housewife, like everyone else, can be expected to react most energetically when the implements of her trade are involved, and it is probably unjust to expect from her a demonstration of embarrassment at the thought of receiving more sugar at a time when women in other parts of the world who fulfill similar daily assignments are much more seriously handicapped. Furthermore, the American housewife can hardly be expected to view the news of the world as a large but closely connected account of the human situation. She may not realize at once, for example, that the larger allowance of sugar predicted for her by the IEFC will have a depressing effect on the welfare of housewives in middle Europe and Asia, and that, eventually, the health and spirits of those people will affect her own. Nevertheless, in spite of her short-range reaction, and in spite of the fact that, as a citizen of an affluent nation, she has come to expect a master share of the world's material benefits, it would appear that the housewife's intractability in this matter has been exaggerated.

The lady has been reasoned with before, and instead of assuming—as the IEFC seems to do—that there will be no holding the American housewife if this country's portion of the 1947 sugar stock is not put to immediate and liberal use at home, our government might make one more firm and widespread effort to instruct the ladies in the relation between world food distribution and American hometown happiness. And while they are making the effort, our legislators and administrators might appeal to another, more concentrated section of the American public, whose members, although their interest in the question has been less prominently noted, are quite as seriously concerned about an improvement in the domestic sugar allotment: the industrial consumers. According to the IEFC estimate, those gentlemen can look forward to a 20 percent improvement in their circumstances during 1947. Industrialists, fortunately, are entirely at home with the world view of economy, so, unlike the housewives, they should be most amenable to any government request for restrained domestic use of the anticipated American sugar supply.

Snow in England

HE HAD A COLD, of course. He had come from a snowstorm in England just in time to find a snowstorm in New York but he said it is different here, it is very agreeable here, the snow does not matter here in the Hotel McAlpin. But in London, he said, it is not so good. If you are cold and you can eat a good meal that is one thing; or if you can smoke, or if you can get a drink; but if you are cold all the time and there is nothing to take your mind off it then it becomes very hard to work. It has become very hard for any Englishmen to work anywhere, and when the government puts up signs all over everywhere asking us to work harder than ever before we do not like to look at the signs, because it was all right during the war, but it is not all right now, and it is not all right if it is supposed to be that way not only now, but for a year and a half, or

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two years, or five years—for all the years that may follow each other in peacetime, before whatever plans the government has can make us feel as if there were ever to be any peacetimes at all. We are tired, we do not understand, and the government and everybody else mean well, but no one can keep on working indefinitely if there is nothing decent to eat, nothing to smoke, nothing to drink, nothing but India dropping away, nothing but imports of dried eggs, nothing but calculations about loans, nothing but the dollar that we have to pay and have not got, nothing but interminable expense in Germany. It is not the snowstorm; I told you about the snowstorm because we are not accustomed to having so much snow, we have not got the snow ploughs or any of the toys that you stand on the New York streets to watch while they scoop up the snow, pulverize it and drop it into trucks. We have not got the Hudson all over England into which to drop the snow. I told you about the snowstorm because in England it is as if you put lead weights on every man in England (the way you do on a horse when it is faster than the other horses in a race) just at a moment when every Englishman feels that it is hard enough to carry his own weight from his bed to his work and back again. But it is not the snowstorm; that is just a cold misery that has come when our hearts are cold and miserable, permanently. It is what England has come to that is awful. It is what the victory in 1918 and the victory in 1945 have brought to England that appalls us. It is what we have spent to win two wars that has us down.

It is not the snowstorm or the Labor Government that makes us feel as if we were now another Austria. It is these two wars that we have won together with you Americans; they have just been too much for us; there has just been too much victory; the victories have cost a little too much. You had a margin; we just did not have a margin. We saw what the 1918 victory did to the French; if they had had another 1918 victory in 1945 (after another long war) they would now be ruined in the way we are ruined; but they are saved because they had a change of pace in 1940—they had a defeat, they went into a snowstorm of defeat in 1940, they hibernated in defeat, for five years they stayed buried in defeat—and so, now, they are not very much more ruined than they were after their victory in 1918. Another victory would have finished them off; another victory—the best and biggest—is finishing us off.

You, in America, have a stomach for victories.

That is the way he talked, and so here we have an England that is going to pieces, an England that is going to look like an Ireland during the potato famine, an England that for so long has held a great part of the world together and now it is falling apart. We have survived two wars and two victories, but one of the countries without which we could not have won either of the wars is not surviving the two wars and the two victories. There is Australia and Canada, there are the pieces of the British system scattered all over the world which have survived, but in Europe, or in the seas just off Europe, there is this island that has survived, it still is there, it still would make a landing field for our planes, it still is there in the seas as if it were a carrier, but the people who live on it, the English people, the Welsh and the Scottish, are hungry, tired and cold.

Are we Americans supposed to look at these people and leave them as they are? After the two wars? After the comradeship, the common purpose, the shared victory? Or, suppose we do not talk of any of these things, are we supposed to leave them alone if we want to make peace in the world? Are they the kind of people you leave out of the plan if you want to make peace in the world?

This is one world of course, and there is a plan so that no one will be tired or hungry or hopeless anywhere. In a hundred years or so, when Mr. Lilienthal has been confirmed and atomic energy has made the deserts flower, there will be a world government (democratic of course) and all people everywhere will be happy. The Chinese will be happy, and the Jews in Palestine—or, perhaps, even in Germany, in Poland, in France, in America—the Negroes will be happy in Africa, with cities in Africa, and even perhaps in the cities and in the countryside of America.

In the meantime we might think about the British. For reasons of self-preservation we might think about preserving the life and the hope of the British people. It is not easy to think of advancing toward any of our goals if we do not have the British at our side. They are people we do not have to persuade; they believe what we believe; they want the future we seek.

If it is simply a question of money it is a question of money. But it looks as if that would be too simple, too easy. We doubt if it can be a simple matter of paying, a simple matter of making another loan when the British have spent the loan they have on powdered eggs. We think it is a matter of adopting the same currency, we think we must join forces with the British, opening our economy to the British, allowing the British to live within our economy, allowing British production to be part of our production—everyone in England and in America buying and selling as if there were but one country. What Churchill offered France, a common citizenship, we now should offer Britain. Because, advancing into the future, we should look round about us and hold near to our friends.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Dr. Baker Bought a Farm

The American farm and enduring security

Pat McGrady

DR. O. E. BAKER bought a farm. He bought it as "an island of safety in my old age and for my children when I am gone." He bought it in the Shenandoah Valley, because it has good land; in Virginia, where the state constitution exempts real estate from taxation by the state, and in Rockingham County among the Dunkards and Mennonites, "who I thought would be about the last people to tax the value out of their farm property."

Secure in possession of a farm, he recommends farming to men of character, particularly to veterans with farming experience and some capital, because he feels that in their return to the land rests the future of democracy for the nation and the security and survival of the American family in forthcoming generations.

For 25 years an expert for the U.S. Department of Agriculture on population trends, land utilization and tenure, and now and for the last four years professor of land resources and population at the University of Maryland, Dr. Baker was able to chart certain definite trends in a world undergoing vast social and economic changes. Here are some of the prophetic conclusions of his scientific study that persuaded him to seek his "island of safety":

1) A doubled population of old men and women in 25 years;

2) A sharp decline in the number of youngsters in urban areas;

3) The extinction of many families—particularly middle class—now living in cities;

4) The migration of millions of our present-day poor—especially in the South—to populate cities of the future;

5) Expansion of commercialized farms remote from cities and the establishment of many smaller, part-time farms near cities;

6) Growing dependence upon Government by farm workers and tenants—as well as by pensioned oldsters and jobless in the cities;

7) Threats of "aristocratic fascism" or "bureaucratic communism," which can be overcome only by the democratic traditions of rural families.

Dr. Baker told his story a little while ago to the House of Representatives Committee on Agriculture, before which he was a witness. Although he himself is non-Catholic, his parents Methodists, his wife Quaker and his children members of various churches, the professor testified as a director of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. "I have found that Catholic doctrines relative to agriculture as a means of life and the family farm constitute a basis for the best system of agricultural organization," he explained.

"Five years ago," Dr. Baker told the comittee, "I invested in a farm. I saw the war coming on, and I saw the great economic and social uncertainties that would arise. I saw the urban family failing to function, not only in the reproduction of the race but also in the transmission of wealth and culture from generation to generation. I knew that one-third of the women were never giving birth to a child, and a similar proportion of the men would have no children to fall back upon for support in old age.

"I knew that there would be twice as many old people 25 years hence as there were then, and that 50 years hence there would be almost three times as many. I knew that nearly all would be voters and that most of them would want and probably need pensions. For I also knew from surveys made by the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor that about three-fifths of the families in our cities had practically no wealth other than a used automobile, some second-hand furniture and old clothes; and if they lost their job would need to apply for relief within a few months."

Not only would the number of urban old folks in the nation increase—because of the increasing number of births 60 to 90 years ago and thanks to progress in medicine, better nutrition and other aids to longevity—but the number of children in cities would continue to decline. In 1940 ten adults in the city were rearing, on the average, only seven children. Even ten Catholics, despite that faith's emphasis on the family, had only eight to nine children. And among the business and professional classes, ten adults were rearing only five to six children. Even if the birth rate should fall no farther, the seven youngsters now being raised by ten adults in turn will rear only five, and those, in turn, three and a half. Dr. Baker said it was probable that a century hence

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most present-day city families will have become extinct, especially those of the middle class.

Where then will our national population come from? Dr. Baker estimates that between 75 and 90 percent a century hence will come from our present day rural people, particularly the poor, who are more than reproducing themselves. Ten adults of our farm population are rearing twice as many children, 14, as are ten city adults. And, should birth rates remain stationary, these 14 farm boys and girls in turn will raise 20 children; and these 20 will bring up 28, he calculated.

Dr. Baker pointed out that the one-seventh or one-eighth of the nation's population in the rural South, from the Potomac River through Texas, now contribute one-half the national excess of births over deaths. "The South may be poor in purse, but it is rich in people," he asserted.

And to carry further the example of poor people's riches: The census indicates that the counties having the lowest average value of products per farm—that is, the lowest income per family—have the largest number of children per family in 90 percent of the cases. The more commercial the agriculture, Dr. Baker points out, the more contacts with city people, the more urban the habits and attitudes, statistics show, the smaller is the family.

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The census tells us that war and business booms draw farmers from the land and into the cities. During the last five years, for instance, our farm population has decreased by about 5,000,000, or one-sixth. And during the century, 1840-1940, what with migrations and mechanization increasing production per farm worker and enlarging the size of farms, the proportion of farmers (owners, tenants and workers) to others has dropped from 70 percent to 17 percent. Moreover, about half of the remaining farms in 1939 each produced less than $600 worth of products, which is not a great sum for a family to live on for a year. This half of the farms produced only six percent of the nation's food.

A depression always drives people back to the land. One in the near future would turn back the greatest tide that ever has flowed to the cities, many of the 5,000,00 or more farm people who went into the armed services and industry during the war. And it would create a rural problem in poverty and relief such as never before has been experienced. What with new devices conceived during the war years to enable the nation to increase food and fiber production with a minimum of manpower, there would be use for only a comparatively few new hands in commercialized farming.

Dr. Baker conceded that half our farms are not needed for the task of feeding our cities. But he pointed out that the less-productive farms "contributed much more than their share of the youth who migrated to the cities—fed, clothed, educated and sent ready for life's work at the expense of the farming people." He even hazarded a rough estimate of the monetary worth of men to the nation: "If the earning power of these migrant youth be estimated at $1,000 a year—certainly not high—the value of these migrating youth is fully five times the value of the products sold from this less productive half of our farms. The time may come—indeed, the time is here—when this crop of farm youth is as valuable as the crops of wheat and corn and cotton."

O. E. Baker stated that many economic and social changes occur in the United States from 10 to 15 years after they have happened in England; and he predicted that nationalization of the land would occur in England in about 10 or 15 years from now. "It will not come through the Communists but through the Labor Party supported by many Conservatives," he said. "Even the Church of England, rather I should say the leading dignitaries of the Church in the Malvern Manifesto, advocated the purchase of most farm land, as well as the mines and railroads, by the Government. The principal reason is that the land is running down, the buildings are depreciating, and the landlords, owing to income and inheritance taxes, no longer have the means to finance the farmers as they should be financed. Only the Government, it is said, has the means to meet the situation. The landlords want to sell, the tenants want security, the city people want conservation of the soil resources and cheaper food."

★

What is the solution to America's growing dilemma, in which three-fifths of our city families are practically propertyless and tenants constitute nearly half of all farm operators? Dr. Baker says that if we are to preserve private ownership we must broaden it as rapidly as possible. "A man who owns 40 acres of farm land is just as strong for private ownership as the man who owns a thousand acres," he declared. He urged, so far as industry goes, the decentralization of industry and the encouragement of rural suburban residence for people working in cities.

As for farms, Dr. Baker favored an expansion of the type of program carried on by the Farm Security Administration (recently renamed the Farmers Home Administration) during the last ten years. He believes that the Government should make loans to skilled farmers, who are now tenants and farm workers, so that they may purchase their own farms, and that it should continue to make operating loans to farmers who

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cannot get decent credit from regular credit agencies and who must otherwise either patronize usurers who will drive them out of business eventually or give up and go on relief. Farm Security's successful tenant purchase program—FSA has helped 40,000 farm families buy farms with loans at three percent interest for 40 years; and these are, on the average, three years ahead on their repayments—indicates that the Government could promote private ownership on a grand scale.

"This help to returning veterans," he said, "and to other worthy young men should be of such magnitude as to assure the success of the new homestead policy in the vast majority of cases."

Veterans, grown rusty in farm and home management practices, will need more than money to resume farming. They will need the help of FSA's committees of outstanding farmers in every rural county to help them select good farms that can be bought at a fair agricultural value; and they will need the expert guidance of FSA county supervisors to refresh their recollections on budgeting, planning, record keeping, soil conservation, land use, purchasing, marketing and the dozens of other things the skilful farmer must know.

In conclusion, Dr. Baker summarized: "Population trends indicate clearly that the land is the foundation of the family, and that political trends indicate clearly that the family is the foundation of the democratic state. The greatest need of the nation today is the conservation of the family as an institution, not only for the reproduction of the race, but also for the transmission of wealth and culture from generation to generation. If our nation avoids drifting onto the rocks of aristocratic fascism, on the one hand, or into the whirlpool of bureaucratic communism, on the other hand, it will be because of the traditions and beliefs that characterize the rural family."

A Case History

How lack of shelter can drive deep into the heart

Harry Lorin Binsse

THIS IS a case history. I write it for the record, and with a certain feeling of shame and of reticence, since by and large we Americans are better off in every material way than almost anyone else on earth, and it must seem graceless to those mindful of what Englishmen and Frenchmen and Italians and Rumanians and Poles are suffering to talk of suffering here, suffering on the part of people who are warm and well fed and have work to do. Yet William James has classically pointed out the ratio between distance and sympathy so pungently summed up in one of the truest yet wickedest of aphorisms: "Charity begins at home." And since we are not used to conceiving in our minds and in our hearts the ramifications of the problems we are so likely to pigeon-hole as "unemployment," "malnutrition," "poverty," "housing," and all the rest, it may serve some purpose to tell a true story of what insufficient roofs have actually done to two flesh-and-blood American families in the here and now. Of course I am not saying who they are or where they live, and the names I have attributed to the people involved are completely fanciful. But otherwise I adhere strictly to facts.

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It was 1912 when Father Bianco came to this country as a relatively young man. He was a hard worker, and times being what they were, he had no great difficulty to find himself a job. So he wrote back home to Mother Bianco, who at that time had a different name, and, in accordance with their long-cherished plans, sent her the money to come over and join him as his wife. That was just before the outbreak of war in 1914. Luckily the sort of work Father Bianco was doing was little affected by bad times, and the war boom was immediately ahead. And so the Biancos prospered. As the years went by three children were born to them, a son and two daughters, Nicky, Anne and Elizabeth.

By the time the children were ready to go to school, Father and Mother Bianco had acquired a house of their own with enough land for a few fruit trees and a garden. They had fixed the house up to suit their needs and in accordance with the taste of their neighbors, and they were proud and felt blessed by the Lord. The end of the 20's found them with several thousand dollars idle in the bank, and since Father Bianco's job continued—if at somewhat less pay—during the great depression of the 30's, they thought it might be wise while values were low to invest their savings in another house, for which they could always get tenants of some sort, and which would prove useful as a dower for one of the daughters, when that time came.

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By the middle 30's the children were leaving high school; since they were all attractive and known as hard workers, they also did not have too much difficulty in finding work; when Pearl Harbor came in 1941, all the Biancos were gainfully employed except the mother.

Here, then, was a family of Americans luckier than many others, and not entirely because of good fortune. They had, themselves, contributed to their good fortune, and although they were far from being egotistical people, they were thoroughly conscious that no one could possibly reproach them for not having done their best with the talents the Lord had put in their safekeeping. Nicky, being thoroughly sound of mind and body, seemed eminently desirable to the local draft board and quickly found himself in the army, which, wonderful to relate, actually discovered his special interests and put them to good use. Before very long, he found himself stationed in Scotland, where he likewise found a young lady whom he viewed as eminently suited to be his wife.

When Mother and Father Bianco were informed of this discovery, they were none too pleased. People born in the old country rather prefer to know all about their daughters-in-law and sons-in-law before greeting matrimony with joy, and that means that you know their parents and, if possible, their grandparents, their uncles and aunts and cousins (if any), and their brothers and sisters, because, the theory runs, that is the only way you can hazard a prophecy of how a candidate for your son's or daughter's hand is going to turn out. So they were not very happy. But they loved Nicky, and they decided that if Nicky truly loved this Scotch girl, they would try to make the best of it. Besides, she was a Catholic, and so she couldn't be too bad in that Protestant land. It was agreed, then, that Nicky was to come home first and that his prospective bride should be invited on a visit before any wedding took place.

Meanwhile Mother Bianco was beginning to think about marrying off her daughters—a consummation devoutly to be desired before she should reach the age when death is less and less a stranger. One likes to see one's children settled in life before one departs it. Both daughters had boy friends, one in the army, one in the navy, and they were good boys whose parents and grandparents you knew, even from the old country. But how soon would this wretched war be over, so that they could actually settle down?

*

The Biancos' home contained three bedrooms. One for Mother and Father. One for the girls. One for Nicky. It likewise contained a sitting-room, a dining-room and a kitchen. The house they had bought as an investment was now rented to people they had known for a long time, and with whom they were friendly—a family of Irish origin named Black. Naturally the difference in language between the older people prevented anything approaching real intimacy, and the Blacks' children were much younger than the Biancos. But still a relationship of affection and respect existed between the two families.

Then came the end of the war and Nicky's return from overseas, speedily followed by the arrival of his fiancée. At once she won all hearts, and the practical question arose for the first time of where she and Nicky would live after their impending marriage. Father Bianco, acting almost automatically, called upon Mr. Black and explained to him the situation. Mr. Black at once saw the point and agreed that he would try to find some other place for his family to live. That, at least, would take care of the situation until Nicky could afford to buy his own house.

So Mr. Black went house-hunting. He found absolutely nothing for miles around that he could rent. Being himself a building tradesman, his next thought was to buy a lot and put up a house of his own. He bought the lot. But even his employer could not get him materials with which to build—Mr. Black being no veteran. So that was out, but he still owns the lot. Finally he heard of a house for sale at a price which, though high, was not exorbitant, and he entered into a complex series of negotiations with its owner, the estate of a deceased lady being settled in another State. For legal reasons, these negotiations were tedious and cost Mr. Black many days' work, but finally they were concluded, and with the help of a mortgage, the house was his. There was one small hitch. The house had long been rented to those who were occupying it, and they, when approached, betrayed no great eagerness to move out. Mr. Black appealed to the OPA and the courts. He is still appealing.

Finally the Biancos decided that after all Nicky and his bride could live in the same room that Nicky had always occupied, and since relations between all of them were more than harmonious, there seemed no reason for delaying the wedding. They were married last spring. They are still occupying Nicky's bedroom.

But what was to happen to Elizabeth and Anne and their boy friends? Mother Bianco had expected that as soon as the war was over, they too would be married, and both the girls and the boy friends had felt the same way. But now that the time had come, where on earth would *they* live after they were married? Neither of the boy friends' families had room, for in both the children had been numerous and doubling- and even trebling-up had been the rule. You could not very well have a newly married couple sharing a bedroom with a brother or sister. The old country had been poor in all conscience, far poorer than the United States, yet even there such a situation

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would have been out of the question.

Thus the girls, for the time being at least, could not get married. At first Mother Bianco paid little attention. Then she began to worry. And since she had never had a particularly good stomach, the worry began to put her off her food, and being off her food did not help her general health, for she was no longer a young woman. She began to be querulous, against her own nature, and Nicky's wife began to feel the brunt of it. She did her Scottish best, for that is her nature, and she is certainly no candidate for Dr. Alexander. But it has upset her, and, despite her deeply religious nature, her greatest fear is that she might become pregnant while she still has to live with the Biancos—a state of mind hardly conducive to a happy married life.

Nicky, also, had thoughts about a lot. He almost bought one, but having heard about Mr. Black's experience, he gave up that project as impractical. He had saved a large part of his wages ever since he had left high school, and his mother had set aside for him all the payments she had received from the Treasury as his family allotment during the war. Yet bringing his wife from Scotland had cost money, and his savings in the aggregate only amounted to about $3,000. Nicky began to look at the homes for veterans which were mushrooming everywhere. At first the great majority of them, with tedious monotony, were priced at $10,000—but with a catch or two. This price included no garage, a lot so small you could not possibly have a garden on it, an unfinished second floor (finishing the second floor would add $2,000 to the cost). And the whole structure was built so badly, with such green wood, that Nicky knew very well the price was plain profiteering. With a loan, Nicky might have bought one of these contraptions. But the loan would have come to $7,000, which meant annual payments of somewhere near $700 in interest, taxes, insurance and amortization. That would be almost $60 a month, and Nicky's job simply did not warrant that much going out every month. It was a good job, with prospects. But because it had prospects, it only paid $40 a week. And now even this is ancient history, since the veterans' sties which used to cost $10,000 have been marked up to $12,000 and even to $15,000.

★

And so the situation is a stalemate. Mother Bianco is convinced that the Blacks are deliberately trying to wreck her family's happiness. The Blacks are convinced that their thoroughly undesired tenants in the house on which they are paying taxes and mortgage interest are likewise stalling. The Blacks are also hurt at Mother Bianco's attitude, since they know in their own consciences that they have made every possible effort to do the right thing. The Bianco girls are growing older every day, and do not see their boy friends too often, because it makes them sad. Which is not the best way to insure their continuance as boy friends. If it were a game of chess, the word would be stalemate.

Only Father Bianco tries to hold everything together. Every so often he goes up to the Blacks' of an evening, taking with him his own bottle of beer, so that he will not seem to impose. He chats with Mr. Black for a time, and then he looks at him and says, "I know you do your best, and I'm not mad. But the Missus talks about nothing else, and she gives me no peace if I don't come here once in a while to ask you if there is any news. I always tell her I talk very strong to you, but I understand how you feel. What I don't understand is how all this happened."

★

To all this there is no particular moral, no crisis, no catastrophe. In time it will all straighten out. It is, perhaps, a test of the Christian virtues in all those concerned. It is also an occasion of sin, which we are taught to avoid. As a nation, we have certainly done a swell job in not avoiding it.

The Accursed Poets

We ran those routes to Belgium in the rain.
Those steep canals that mount the map were flat
For us. Foundations still as stone
Bearing up the only mountains to be seen,
Errant, unnatural, towering tons of coal.
The broad barge shoulders bruised the strict streams' edges
Viewed from some upstart footbridge. Days and days
Developed grayly through those skinny trees
They line the roads with and which seemed to fly
Backward toward Paris.

Saimp-Quentin, Cambrai
Where the Swan died in the stony brooding Square . . .
Valenciennes with its clatter and contention . . .
And all those northern towns were merely names
For gendarmes itching for our papers. Sleep
On benches hugged in railway stations. Bread
Soaked in the rain and salvaged under arc lights
To the embarrassment of some stray bourgeois.
For bowls of coffee swilled in wondering bars.

Until one dawn beyond the road suspended
Perilously over lines of lights
Glimmering up from the explosive ground,
The world inverted . . . the frontier hut . . . the day's
first smile . . .
The fields of Belgium stood revealed again,
Hilly and wooded and safe and good to see.
But there as in France we were like those possessed,
Wondering right and left was that the house,
The cabaret, the immortal weathercock?
Down this lane did they track the ultimate,
The violent country lad and the criminal type,
There jar two centuries loose and face the truth?

WARREN RAMSEY.

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Communications

THE CASE FOR VIET NAM

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: In order to keep our exchange of opinions of the Viet Nam problem symmetrical, I offer my rebuttal in answer to your own. I neither expect nor ask you to print it. It has become increasingly apparent that the circumstances of French colonization in Indo-China, past and present, have been so thoroughly misrepresented and misunderstood that even the most generous minds are cautious to the point of unwittingly aligning themselves with a régime whose forcibly prolonged residence in Southeast Asia can mean only disaster for that portion of the world, at the very least.

Your calling attention to the part that Hitler played in the collapse of Indo-China only serves to underline the nonsense of a militarily impotent nation at the western end of a ten-thousand-mile supply line presuming to protect a "backward" people from aggression. My point, which I tried to bring out in the following paragraph [which we were obliged to cut for reasons of space.—THE EDITORS] was that the French administration in Indo-China openly collaborated with the Japanese before any effective Japanese forces had set foot in the country. The events in Europe and in Asia in the 1930's demanded, as never before, that some attempt be made to achieve a synthesis and solidarity of French and native interests. If the French had put into a program of national defense a fraction of the enthusiasm of which they had repeatedly shown themselves capable in the bombardment of Vietnamese villages and the strafing of unarmed hunger-marchers, they might have preserved some claim to the title of protector. I had intended to show by the lines which originally followed the dike-smashing episode that the French had not, throughout the period of their control, advanced toward such a synthesis. I was rather unhappy to find myself supporting the point with a 40-year-old quotation.

You state that ". . . the case for any of the current revolutions against the continued presence of Europeans in countries where they are not wanted . . . is always the same case." This is utterly preposterous. Has French authority in Indo-China offered the same cooperation in the development of native institutions as the British have offered the Burmese? I am not attacking imperialism. I am attacking the re-assertion of *French sovereignty in Viet Nam.* Is the measure of decency on which a given Western Power might base its mandate a constant factor regardless of which colony we consider? Surely an affirmative answer to these questions would be the crudest sort of generalization—yet this is the sort of answer you imply. The relationship between France and Viet is unique, and cannot be adjusted by any a priori decision that the swift rise to power of an indigenous government is either good or bad in principle.

What does it mean that "most of these revolutions lead to chaos or to the subjection to another Power of the people they aim to liberate?" Is there something sacred about a tyranny because it happens to be French tyranny? The Vietnamese are familiar with this notion, and they are dumbfounded. They are at loss—and so am I—to understand how genuine oppression can be less evil than a hypothetical sort.

"The Vietnamese are not equipped to guarantee, alone, their safety or freedom." Is any nation of less than 20 million people capable of making such a guarantee? Does this mean that we should immediately invade Siam or Uruguay because those nations are manifestly vulnerable to invasion by someone else? No nation stands alone. Let the Vietnamese build their foreign trade, their schools and their army: let them develop their woefully neglected resources and industry: let the food they raise be for their own mouths. Let them have all the peaceable support we have promised to lend them, and they will provide for their safety in so far as a nation of Viet Nam's size is capable.

As for freedom, I can only repeat that the Vietnamese of our generation never tasted freedom until August, 1945. Where it is a question of French guarantees of freedom we show a sporting inclination to put full faith in pious generalities. But with the Vietnamese we are pleased to play the inquisitor: Are you a democracy? Yes (exhaustive proof cited; secret ballot, universal suffrage, provision for ethnic minorities, constitution, national assembly.) Can you provide a genuine administration? Yes (famine and flood control, operation of public utilities, educational program, etc. cited.) Are you a popular government? We have held in check a French force scarcely inferior in numerical strength and far superior in terms of military equipment. This sort of thing need not be dragged out very long before the Vietnamese begin to think that our Four Freedoms policy is just so much eye-wash.

Finally, "all our freedoms must be re-created and guaranteed by the concert of the Powers." Everybody is in favor of this. The Vietnamese have appealed to the Security Council for direct intervention on the part of that body. France has appealed to the United Nations for clear-cut recognition of her trusteeship in Viet Nam. Admiral d'Argenlieu has called for a common policy that nations controlling non-self-governing peoples "recognize the principle that the interests of the inhabitants are paramount," and guarantee to develop self-government, taking due account of the aspirations of the people.

This is grand and generous and worthy of France, and altogether nothing but a smokescreen. It is scarcely different from the sort of thing that France has been saying for the last 100 years. So much for words. One already has got a headache trying to unravel the conflicting promises and proposals which France has made with regard to Indo-China. What about deeds? What about the paramount interests of the inhabitants?

Within the past month French forces have been tightening up for a last-ditch stand in Cochin-China (where we are told that there is a native government under French protectorship). Outside of Saigon, the French have unleashed a pogrom of such enormity that the facts must scarcely be credible to anyone who has not been in Indo-China. For one who has been there the conclusion is inevitable that the French have learned almost every-

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thing under Hitler except compassion. Even their troops are to a large extent ex-nazis, and they have regularly re-enacted Lidice in Cochin-China. This is no wild attempt at metaphor. I have it from a source whose trustworthiness I am sure you would concede that villages suspected of harboring armed rebels are utterly annihilated, every man, woman and child being put to death. This does not refer to anything which happened in 1909. It is taking place in January, 1947. And this is not all.

Do you think d'Argenlieu does not know what is going on? Do you suppose that I am being swayed simply by a sentimental readiness to see my earlier convictions borne out? If you do, so much the worse for the ideals to which we are both devoted.

GEORGE F. SHELDON.

MR. Sheldon's letter refers to his article, January 31, and to our note disagreeing with it. The controversy started with our editorial "White Man's Burden," January 10. We have received no correspondence supporting the French position or our own. We remain convinced, however, that irresponsible withdrawal before colonial revolutionary action will not insure viable freedom to those who revolt.—THE EDITORS.

THEOLOGY AND SANITY

Highland Park, Ill.

TO the Editors: In fairness to Mr. Sheed, I think THE COMMONWEAL, should correct a statement made by Reverend Leo J. Trese in his review of Mr. Sheed's "Theology and Sanity" (Feb. 7, 1947; p. 430). The statement:

> Again, in treating of grace, the identity of sanctifying grace with God the Holy Spirit seems insufficiently emphasized by Mr. Sheed. The indwelling of the Spirit of Love in the soul, which we technically term sanctifying grace, is a point that needs accenting. . . .

The identity of sanctifying grace with God is not only not emphasized by Mr. Sheed, it is not evn mentioned. He is theologian enough to know that sanctifying grace and the Holy Ghost dwelling in the soul are two different things. The latter is a formal effect of the former: where there is grace, there is also the Holy Spirit. But they are not the same thing.

Back in the twelfth century Peter Lombard felt that the two were identical, but since that time Lombard's position has been completely abandoned. Mr. Sheed is not trying to raise from its tomb this error long since forgotten outside the histories of dogma and the theological text books.

The Rev. JOHN P. O'CONNELL.

TO the Editors: More correctly I should have said, "In treating of grace, the nature of sanctifying grace as a positive entity accompanying the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, seems insufficiently emphasized by Mr. Sheed." I had in mind the need to combat a common misconception of sanctifying grace as something negative,

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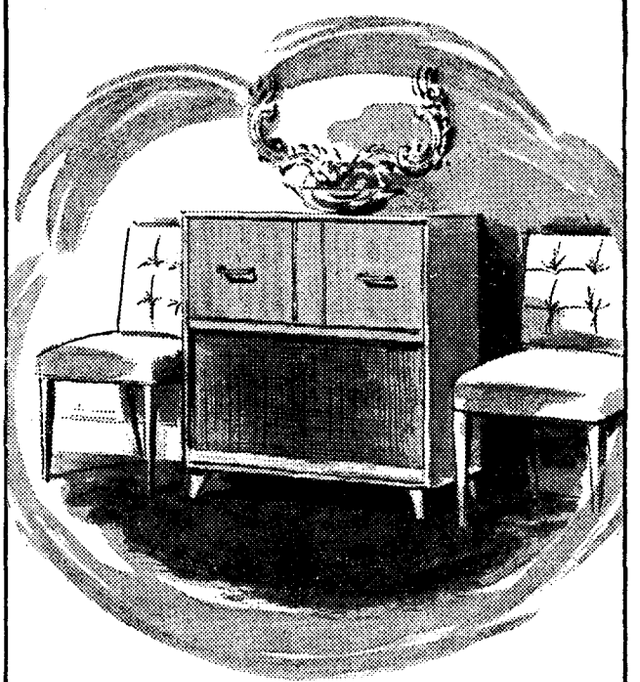

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an absence of mortal sin. In my effort at simplification my choice of terms was not a happy one.

To a layman it may seem like a theologian's cavil, but actually the real distinction between the Holy Spirit Himself, and the created grace He brings into the soul, is an important one in the science of theology. Consequently I think a correction is in order.

The Rev. LEO J. TRESE.

BRITAIN AND PALESTINE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: As one of the Jewish readers of your distinguished journal, I hope that you can find space for a brief comment on the article, "Britain and Palestine," by J. L. Benvenisti, published in the February 14 issue.

I am not an enemy nor even a severe critic of Britain. As a matter of fact, I have a particular liking for the British people, and that is one of the reasons I dislike the Labor Government, which—by attempting to realize Socialist goals in our time—has visited more suffering on the much-tried Britons, whom it has also robbed of some old freedoms.

But while I agree with Mr. Benvenisti that anti-Semitism is not indigenous to Britain—a fact that should make all Christian peoples hang their heads in shame—it is hard to absolve British officialdom of guilt in the Palestine crisis. I don't want the British to get out of Palestine, but I am neither so naïve nor so hypocritical as to suggest that Britain's sole objective in the Holy Land has been to keep the peace there. The mandatory Power did very little to prevent the Arab pogroms of 1929 and the bloody riots instigated by the Mufti in 1936. If anything, British officials have taught the Palestine population to rely on force. Certainly the Arabs learned that violence pays, for the White Paper of 1939—restricting Jewish immigration to, and land purchase in, Palestine—was issued to appease the perpetrators of pogroms. And although the Mufti later became an open ally of Hitler, while the Jewish community of Palestine went all out in aid of Britain, the infamous White Paper rewarding Arab terrorism has not been revoked.

Mr. Benvenisti, whose subtleties are baffling at times, states, after presenting the Jewish case, that: "There is, in fact, only one thing to be said against the continuance of Jewish immigration, namely that the local (Palestine) inhabitants do not want it because they are terrified of a situation in which power would have passed to a people alien to themselves." This "alien" people includes the Jewish men and women who, as Mr. Benvenisti himself has conceded, "have taken a country that was half-way to becoming a desert and have covered it with thriving villages and townships . . . have created industries . . . reclaimed swamps . . . stamped out diseases and made life more abundant and secure not only for themselves but also for the Arab population, whose numbers have been steadily increasing over the past twenty-five years."

From the foregoing statement of Mr. Benvenisti we deduce that a large portion of the "local inhabitants," who fear the effects of continued Jewish immigration into Palestine, have come to the Holy Land from neighboring Arab countries in the twenty-five years of Jewish rebuilding of the ancient Land of Israel. This draws one's attention to the fact that the Arab nation has other territories in addition to Palestine which Arab nationalists claim for themselves—i.e., for the land-rich effendis. In fact, the Arabs now have six or more States, while Europe's homeless Jews—survivors of the nazi holocaust that took six million of their brethren—have no place in their native lands which they can call home. Isn't it about time, therefore, that the Arab leaders were told by Mr. Benvenisti's world that six countries are quite sufficient for one nation? MAURICE WINOGRAD.

The Stage & Screen

The Medium

IT SEEMS to me that Gian-Carlo Menotti's small opera is a masterpiece, and while the high musical scene is not properly the timber of this column, I want to give as careful, if unspecialized, an account of it as possible. Privately produced last winter at Columbia, the work (evidently somewhat revised) has just been given a limited public showing as a "Special Event" by the Ballet Society, prefaced by a short Opera-buffa by the some composer. Mr. Menotti writes his own book and music, and is his own régisseur on both occasions, so that the program credits read with a clarity and directness, and (I underline) *responsibility,* quite exceptional in our derelict present. For his curtain-raiser I have not a great deal to say. Called "The Telephone," it is light, fairly amusing satirical stuff, dealing with the trials of a young man in love attempting to propose to a "phonomaniac," and finally having to resort to a pay-booth to declare his intentions. Particularly musically, it is witty. Nevertheless, on the acting (not singing) end, it seemed stilted, and Horace Armistead's setting was a disappointment. For this kind of before-the-curtain business, where a narrow playing space must be kept free, I feel Mr. Armistead erred in choosing a number of hysterical furnishings, rather than relying almost wholly on brushwork. I think the entire scheme should have been hugely splashed on the backdrop with the necessary props and armature practical, the rest painted. It seems to me some such device as this would have reared the whole thing into the delicate vaudeville of the composer's intention. However, with the flying of this curtain, the designer emerges into excellence. Here, in the main piece, Mr. Armistead's over-all sequence of frayed blacks, his opposing dresses, the wonderful colored shadows of his threatening chandelier, his workable descending trap—all catch and augment the airs and fable. Mr. Menotti states his conflict briefly: "This opera symbolizes the tragedy of a person caught between two worlds—a world of reality which she cannot wholly comprehend, and a supernatural world in which she cannot believe." It works out like this: we are introduced to the parlor of a Medium; any-

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where; now. Her household consists of a young daughter, and a younger boy, a mute, both her enforced assistants in the cheatery. To us, all of her fakements are exposed, but on the far side of the foots, her shady business brings not only gold to her, but comfort to her deluded clients. That is, until that moment when an unarranged phenomenon upsets the scheme, and in her terrified search for an explanation of this cabalistic (or miraculous) fact, she travels through cajolery, threats, drunken repentance, drunken renunciation, to murder — and the dénouement is resolved. In dispatching her Mute, she at once dispatches the only possible answer to her cry: silence. I suppose there is an operatic pun to be drawn from this. But I cannot believe its examination to be important.

In a bald analysis it is impossible to detail Mr. Menotti's placement of effects. Farther than melodrama, the thing is frankly guignol: we have visible blood, planned and unplanned specters, all possible sensible horror—and this prepared, defined, motioned by music. No received convention is employed, there are no numbers, the business borrows nothing. Nothing distracts the plot. It is honestly useless for a reviewer to choose moments to dilate. At the same time, the superlative addition of Leon Barzin's small orchestra, and of the players, must be marked. In the title rôle, I thought Marie Powers vocally, emotionally, pictorially (a brass wig topping circus-pink gear, terrible feet, and somehow a beetling face), superb. And her trio of customers, Beverly Dame, Paul Kwartin, Virginia Beeler, as studiously chosen and executed. Opposing these, Evelyn Keller's lyric, gentle Girl (her voice is lovely) justified every facet of the part. And if I quarrel somewhat with Leo Coleman's projection of the Mute, this will be because he seemed to lean more upon omen than innocence. There is somber reason for his shouldered, oriental attack, but nonetheless, it rang arty, I thought.

Perhaps it will seem tedious, at best tantalizing, so scrupulously to describe a past event. But I think it unlikely the work can remain unplayed for long. It is true the Balanchine-Barzin-Kirstein organization of Ballet Society allows only for subscribers (a ticket is a large bargain, by the way), with one or two special events played one or two nights to general admission. It is their hope, as I understand, that some of this vanguard stuff will be bought and commercially presented after its initial showing. In one way it is worrying to consider what shall happen to a justly proportioned piece, such as this Opera, when it shall be enlarged to suit the architectural and *average* demands of the Big Street. But it is even more worrying to imagine that it might be missed, whenever, wherever announced. (*Ballet Society*, 130 *West* 56 *Street.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

International

IN TELLING the story of the atom bomb, the movies are indeed treading on dangerous ground. But trust Hollywood to rush in. *"The Beginning Or the End"* makes the first stab at this subject in a feature film, but it is a weak thrust. I was bothered, much more than I usually am with semi-documentary films, by the intrusion

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of fictional characters and the presence of familiar actors attempting to underact their rôles. Most of the big names (Roosevelt, Oppenheimer, Einstein, Wyatt, Compton, etc., etc.) connected with the A-bomb are successfully presented without histrionic exaggeration. But also very much on hand are such youthful representatives of glamor as Robert Walker (who hasn't entirely outgrown Private Hargrove) portraying an aide to General Grove (Brian Donlevy) and Tom Drake (hardly out of his salad days in "The Green Years") portraying a scientist. Pretty Audrey Totter and Beverly Tyler are the girls devoted respectively to these young men and The Project. The scientific aspects of this short study in "nuclear fission" have already been okayed by brains far more learned than mine. The picture, itself, succeeds in impressing us with the enormity of the whole project that led, step by step, to Hiroshima, and it deserves credit for reiterating the hesitancy with which man used the most fearful weapon he has ever forged. Director Norman Taurog had difficulty at times in getting movement into the talky script that is necessarily full of explanations and scientific jargon; but every now and then, in spite of your foreknowledge or perhaps because of it, the suspense is effective—as in the University of Chicago scenes (1942) showing the first nuclear chain reaction in history, and the test in New Mexico, and finally Hiroshima. I shouldn't say "finally" because, although this movie struck me as a theatrical piece that attempted something too big for its britches, it makes clear that what it shows is only the beginning of the complete atomic-energy story. "The End" depends on man; if this picture alarms him, then more power to it.

From Europe also come pictures covering various phases of war. Although neither of these imports attempts anything as hot or timely as the A-bomb, the title of the Italian film, *"Before Him All Rome Trembled,"* vibrates as if inspired by uranium and neutrons. Actually the line is from "Tosca," in which it is sung, as you may remember, by the heroine after she has killed the chief of police who tortured her fiancé because he helped a political prisoner. The film, drawing a parallel between the "Tosca" story and an instance in the late war when the nazis were occupying Rome, mainly concerns Ada (Anna Magnani) and Franco (Gino Sinimberghi), two opera singers who seem to be collaborationists because they associate with the Germans and sing for them. Actually Ada works for the Underground. However, through this woman's stupidity during a fit of jealousy, the German captain learns that Franco is harboring a wounded English agent, and after tonight's performance of "Tosca" the Germans plan to capture and perhaps kill Franco. Because this Italian film has Anna Magnani in the lead and because of its theme, it will be compared with "The Open City"; but unfortunately it has neither that great film's universality nor fine acting. Director Carmine Gallone develops the first part of his story too slowly and the characters are not convincing or especially interesting. Once the scene moves to the Royal Opera House, however, the pace changes; and during the performance of "Tosca" (most of which we see and hear) the movie takes on a fascinating suspense. The beautiful Puccini music heightens the tension as events lead to Franco's escape with help of the stagehands. Technically most of this Italian film does not stand up with Hollywood's similar underground-and-chase items.

From France comes *"Angel and Sinner,"* which also draws a parallel to the last war but makes no attempt to include modern times. Its well-written script is based on two Guy De Maupassant stories: "Boule de Suif" and "Mademoiselle Fifi." Those who don't understand French may have a little difficulty with the opening scenes which introduce the characters in a lot of rapid conversation. Although this is well-translated with English sub-titles, the argument moves so fast, as various citizens of Rouen come to the stagecoach office and blame the fall of France on everyone from Charlemagne to the followers of Romanticism, that one can hardly follow its wit. But when the coach gets rolling with its passengers, the film becomes a gem of cinematic characterization. Its story is too familiar for me to repeat; even if you know it well you would be foolish to stay away from this absorbing film for that reason. Christian Jacque has directed his cast (most of whom are unfamiliar in this country) so well that you are transported back to 1870 Prussian occupation and some curious events during which a "bad" woman proves to be the noblest patriot of them all. Micheline Presle is outstanding as this "Ball of Fat" who staunchly refuses to grant her favors to the Prussian officers until her smug and more righteous fellow-countrymen persuade her to give in for their sake. The picture's chief delight is in the portrayal of these French appeasers, these business-as-usual men who believe that good food, good wine and beautiful women are the arsenals of France; their wives agree as long as it is "Boule de Suif" who sacrifices herself. The theme of the "Mademoiselle Fifi" tale is tied well to the first story when the coach is captured by the Prussians and its female occupants are taken to entertain officers in the grand chateau. It is then that the heroine, who was treated so outrageously by her collaborationist companions, really has an opportunity to prove her patriotism. "Angel and Sinner" is particularly successful as adult entertainment; without talking down to its audience it uses good cinema to visualize an interesting, expertly acted situation—and it might well be studied by Hollywood film makers who think that every movie has to reach the 12-year-old level.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Fate of Small Nations

HENRY BUND

IS THERE any real meaning in the so-called independence of smaller nations in a world dominated by the Big Four? How much genuine choice has a little country which is the next door neighbor of a big power and on whose good graces its internal peace and economic welfare depend?

These questions, so vital to the preservation of peace today, are not new. They have plagued international

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politics during the armed truce between the two World Wars, and failure to find positive answers then has been instrumental in precipitating the most recent terrifying conflagration. There is every reason to fear that failure to solve them now will lead to even more deadly consequences.

"Austrian Requiem,"* written by that country's last prewar Chancellor, offers a vitally important object lesson. It is a case history of failure, not only nor even primarily of Austria herself, but of international diplomacy. Its message, though never clearly formulated by the author, is a warning against a repetition of the same errors and an appeal for the only possible solution: subordination of national sovereignty to the bigger goal of international cooperation.

★

Tragedy is the keynote of this book—far more so in fact than the author himself appears to have realized. To this reviewer at least (who has had an active part in Austria's struggle) its real significance lies in demonstrating the utter futility of all efforts at self-preservation by a small country whose very existence had made it an anachronism in the time of big power politics. With the inevitability of a classic Greek tragedy, events lead up to the final climax, moved by forces over which the protagonist has absolutely no control.

In his self-searching diary Schuschnigg mirrors the internal conflicts which ravaged Austria during the 30's. There was much in the decisions and actions taken by him and his predecessor Dollfuss (assassinated by the nazis) that has been justly criticized by democratic elements in other countries. Austria became an authoritarian nation, ruled without a system of political parties. Personal and political liberties were curtailed. Possibly most tragic was the fratricidal armed conflict between the Socialists and the Christian-Socials (Catholic Center) in February 1934.

But it is a sign of blind political dogmatism when these individual actions, disconnected from the historic setting in which they took place, are made the basis of another vicious attack on the men and the party which led Austria's resistance—as one reviewer has done in discussing Schuschnigg's new book. It was precisely this type of incomplete reporting which, in the 30's, gave the American public a wrong conception of what went on in Austria and thus indirectly aided the cause of Hitler.

The course which Austria's leaders followed was not always wise nor democratic. They chose what, wrongly perhaps, to them seemed the only possible means of consolidating the internal forces of a nation beleaguered by an overwhelming and ruthless aggressor. They failed to prevent the annexation by Germany which certainly no other course of internal policy could have forestalled, because it had been made inevitable by the trend of relations between the big powers. "Once the European balance of power had shifted, once the League of Nations had lost its original importance and prestige, the destiny of Austria was decided, although this was not immediately

*Austrian Requiem. Kurt von Schuschnigg. Putnam. $3.50.

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apparent. It was this international change, and not the mistakes of Austria or of the Austrian government, which decided our fate. It is not my intention to deny those mistakes for which I am responsible," Schuschnigg says.

There are ample examples of those mistakes strewn throughout the pages of this book, from which other nations might profit today: The growing radicalization of all parties including—Schuschnigg frankly admits—his own Catholic group, which created a centrifugal effect when concentration of all forces was vital. A policy of appeasement towards Hitler to win time which could have succeeded only if, in the end, the big powers had been ready to back Austria in resisting further German demands. Blindness to the threat of the fifth column which made it possible for the nazis to know every move of the Austrian government (the book reveals, for instance, that a secret service man of Schuschnigg's personal entourage was an agent of the nazi party). Finally, Schuschnigg's unnwillingness to enter any international covenant which could be considered anti-German because "Austria was a German state": this in sharp contrast to the outspoken sympathy with Allied bombing of Germany later in the war, as revealed in his diary.

Schuschnigg has fully paid for his errors in the seven long years of imprisonment and calculated mental torture by the Nazis, faithfully recorded in the book. Austria too has paid the price for her mistakes. But she has been resurrected and must find a new modus vivendi. Again she faces the dilemma of "an independent state . . . bereft . . . of the means to maintain her independence." Again she must cope with demands of a big power whose partisans constitute a political party within her own borders and who, just as the Austrian Nazis of Schuschnigg's days, "have neither will nor opinions of their own." And there are very obviously other small states in the same predicament.

Present power politics must inevitably bring their doom. Their only hope lies in a far advanced internationalism which transcends the limits of national sovereignty now ruling the United Nations. To all of them applies Schuschnigg's closing statement that "Austria then as today means cooperation of nations within a framework of supernational federalism."

Books of the Week

The Lincoln Reader. Edited by Paul M. Angle. Rutgers University Press. $3.75.

THE "Lincoln Reader" has the double attraction of being an excellent, moderate length biography for the ordinary citizen, and at the same time a Lincolniana *tour de force* for the critical delight of the many Americans who specialize in Abraham Lincoln as a hobby. It is a running account of his life, pieced together by the competent and learned editor from quotations by sixty-five authors—worked together and given an easy continuity by the brief remarks with which Mr. Angle introduces the number of chapters and each section quoted from the famous biographers and analysts of the President.

It may very probably be time to reaffirm that Lincoln was a very great statesman. The tradition loses its edge as time goes on and as shorter vision and too pressing immediate concerns claim more and more interest. The very lack of opposing argument devitalizes our appreciation. Mr. Angle's "reader" is not a political study, and so does not directly serve the function of indicating the importance of Lincoln's political job, nor how he performed it—except, simply, that he was a wartime president who did win.

It no longer comes naturally, however, even to recognize how terribly difficult a task it was for the Union Government to triumph in the Civil War. The logic of the victory has become so apparent, and the economic advantages of the Northern States so emphasized, that there is usually now more wonder over the long and powerful struggle which the Confederate States achieved. A fuller examination would bring out that the goal of keeping things together was a more difficult and subtle one than breaking up the Union. Holding the North decently together was only less difficult than keeping the South. Mr. Angle gives emphasis to this in two principal ways: by showing the splendid rôle played by Stephen A. Douglas, leader of the Northern and of so many other Democrats (that Lincoln had so healthy a relation with his strongest political opponent is no small thing); and by quoting Lincoln's own judgment in the message to his cabinet reserved in case McClellan won the election of 1864 . . . "Then it will be my duty to so cooperate with the President-elect, as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterwards."

The book also gives enough of Lincoln's own thoughts and words to reemphasize that the rôle of Great Emancipator was not the primary one he chose as deliberate statesman. It was only late that Lincoln became a genuinely *serious* politician. Then, it was as defender of constitutional government and upholder of the democratic principle of authority that he took his stand, absolutely. It was a continuing, effective government based upon constitutional law, and not upon some power, such as heredity or imperial force, outside the logic of the law itself, which he gave himself to defend.

The personal fascination of Abraham Lincoln himself is the principal interest of this book, a subject still more difficult to fathom and to word than his politics. He was, most certainly, a most unusual and sympathetic man. But in part, he takes interest from the interest others have had in him. Very few persons in history have ever had so many people really wanting to understand them, and so a personality has been fervently studied and written about by many men at great length, with intelligence, sympathy and art. A human being—any human being—warrants the fascinated attention Lincoln has received, and when we actually give that attention we are deeply interested and deeply moved. Undoubtedly much of the humanity and tragedy and capacity we find in Lincoln could be found in nearly all good, normal men if we could look at them with adequate sincerity and sympathy.

Lincoln, of course, was far beyond the normal, good and interesting and large and complex. This book indicates how he lived on several levels at once and created great problems for the students of his personality, and, apparently, some personality problems for himself. It is no easy job to unify his personal life and his public, politicians's life. His famous anecdotes and "risky" stories and his humor existed with that equally famous introspection. He had remarkable concentration and ability

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in routine work while he was working out in some other part of his being his thoughts and words and attitudes toward greater problems, quite beyond routine. The most agreeable section taken from Carl Sandburg (of which there seem to be a bit too many) dramatizes part of this intriguing dualism, in the account of the peace meeting Lincoln attended February 2, 1865, on the transport *River Queen* in Hampton Roads. Lincoln and Alexander Stephens "were the two most somber figures at this five-man conference. And by a paradox they laughed more through the discussions than any two of the five." Nicolay and Hay note several times directly and with admiration that "his easy and natural attention to ordinary occupations afforded no indication of the double mental process which was habitual with him."

What has undoubtedly been most important in winning to Lincoln the remarkable love of nearly all our people was his own extraordinary charity. He recorded it himself with rare literary genius, to such an extent that over his grave was read with amazing appropriateness his own Second Inaugural Address. But in every kind of detail he seemed to give part of himself with wonderfully outflowing spirit. There are almost no banal and formula letters or papers or speeches by Lincoln among all the libraries of documents preserved. As President, evidently, and before, in his personal contacts he was the same. There is the famous passage from John Hay:

> There was little order or system about it; those around him strove from beginning to end to erect barriers to defend him against constant interruption, but the President himself was always the first to break them down. He disliked anything that kept people from him who wanted to see him, and although the continual contact with importunity which he could not satisfy, and with distress which he could not relieve, wore terribly upon him and made him an old man before his time, he would never take the necessary measures to defend himself. . . . He bore the sorrows of the Nation in his own heart; he suffered deeply, not only from disappointments, from treachery, from hope deferred, from the open assaults of enemies, and from the sincere anger of discontented friends, but also from the world-wide distress and affliction which flowed from the great conflict in which he was engaged and which he could not evade. . . .

Lincoln was an exception for Lord Acton. He struggled for power in the regular and rather amateur way of frontier politicians, and he achieved great power, power, it could be argued, unprecedented up to his day. But his development was not according to formula: "He was in mind, body, and nerves a very different man at the second inauguration from the one who had taken the oath in 1861. He continued always the same kindly, genial and cordial spirit he had been at first; but the boisterous laughter became less frequent year by year; the eye grew veiled by constant meditation on momentous subjects; the air of reserve and detachment from his surroundings increased." With great power, Lincoln was never in the least possessed by power; he was not corrupted by power, but rather disciplined and tried and refined.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

Under the Volcano. Malcolm Lowry. Reynal. $3.00.

HERE IS A chile-hot, fiesta-ringing, stream-of-consciousness "lost weekend," only it is not a weekend, but a single day, The Day of the Dead, in which Yvonne, divorced wife of the ex-Consul, Goeffrey Firmin, returns to Quauhnahuac to try to recapture her husband,

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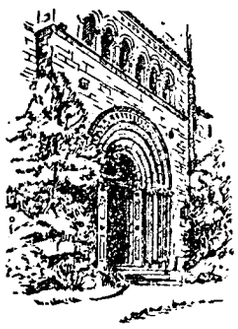

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a hopeless alcoholic. Hugh, the Consul's half-brother, Leftist, cowboy reporter is on hand and in love with Yvonne, and a boyhood friend, M. Laruelle, appears briefly in this tale of dusty press and passion on a Mexican feast day.

Malcolm Lowry has, according to the blurb, re-written this novel three times. The thread of the story is simple; the Consul is inwardly devoured by more molten lava and burning hallucinations than the symbolic volcanos, Popocatepetl and Ixaccihuatl that lower over the scene. So great is the sea-change from his desperate, unending drinking, that the Consul moves in a tortured dream, but thinks with sharpness, wit, and no little erudition. All of Mr. Lowry's characters probe searchingly into their innermost sanctums.

The best thing in "Under the Volcano" is the life-like feel of Mexico; the tortilla-laden, sweetish, dusty smell that is all pervading; the impassive but sudden-passioned Mexicans, the mangy animals and birds, filthy "old" children, the insanity and color of the fiesta and surrounding countryside and the violently flowered landscape; the apparent lack of motion (fly in amber) then the sudden dart of knives. All this Mr. Lowry has vividly put down. Where he goes off in flaming, uncontrolled hyperbole is with his characters. There is too much pomp and preciousness in the endless soul-dives of Geoff, Yvonne and Hugh; too much is said. The reader gasps for relief, but flashes the hidden stream of psychological whys and wherefores.

Even the too frequent German and Spanish spatterings and intellectual banter do not stifle the fact that Malcolm Lowry is a writer to watch. There is in "Under the Volcano" a vivid nostalgia, arrowing sadness, swift gaiety and witty, if sometimes barren, intellectualism. Despite the over-written antics of the Consul, one feels for him a growing surge of pity and despair. Hugh and Yvonne and the lesser fry are very minor accessories to the Consul's ultimate debacle.

If Mr. Lowry would sieve out his style a bit, and prune the abandoned, brilliant image, I think he would not be just an "interesting" author of promise, but an outstanding writer. ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

Drawings in the Fogg Museum of Art. Agnes Mongan and Paul J. Sachs. Harvard. 2 vols. $25.00

THESE TWO handsome, fat, expensive volumes arouse a mixture of awe and delight. Awe in face of the enormous scholarship which informs every page of the text; delight in the more than 400 good collotype reproductions of drawings from virtually every European period and school. Like the Fogg Museum itself, which is associated with the Harvard Fine Arts Department, Miss Mongan's and Professor Sachs's revised critical catalogue of its collection of "master" drawings (excluding those of the English and American schools, which will be covered in later volumes) is designed to serve both scholar and amateur, both art historian and connoisseur. Text and reproductions are in separate volumes; but novices should not skip too rapidly through the text volume, in which scholarly data are livened by keen, pithy critical perceptions.

Boucher, according to the authors, was the first artist to consider drawings as more than studies to be put away in a portfolio. He signed and framed his drawings, each a finished composition. Until his time, drawings were

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most often preliminary studies for paintings—either the whole painting or a detail of it—or else were notations of some detail of nature, rendered sometimes in a rapid shorthand, sometimes with painstaking minutiae. But great drawing of whatever period and whatever purpose is alike in what Dr. Sweeney has called its concentration of vision—a condensation and intimacy of expression rarely found in painting.

What is your favorite period? You will find it well represented. Fifteenth Century Italian? Turn to Mantegna's crisp, austere "Seven Apostles Watching the Ascension of Christ," or to the straining, violent tensions of Pollaiuolo's "Fighting Nudes." French rococo? Fragonard's "A Woman Standing with Hand On Hip" epitomizes the ephemeral charm and grace of the period; Watteau, in "Six Studies of Heads," proves himself "the most distinguished draughtsman of his century and one of the finest of all time." French Post-Impressionist? You may have your choice of 21 Degas', ranging from early copies in hard pencil after Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco in the Riccardi Chapel through his tight Ingresque sketches of the '60's to his luminous crayon sketches of larger, fuller forms in diverse movement.

You will find, I think, several surprises. Greuze, for example, in "A Seated Nude Woman" reveals freshness and vigor unsuspected by one acquainted only with his paintings. These are two drawings of suits of armor by Meissonier which to the incredible exactitude of detail one expects of Meissonier, add a sense of energetic life, although the armor is empty. Adrian Richter's delicate, detailed views of Dresden have a special nostalgic interest at this time, in view of the wholesale destruction of that lovely city.

Further samples of what especially caught my eye are the many Tiepolos; Holbein the Younger's "Portrait of a Leper"; Van Dyck's "Man In Armor" and "Suit of Armor" (compare these with the Meissoniers mentioned above); the Veronese "Study for the Louvre Crucifixion"; the Rubens "Study for the Figure of Christ"; Benozzo Gozzoli's study for a flying figure with separate enlargements of the hands; the Tintorettos; the Canalettos; the Rembrandts; the Corots; Beccafumi's heads of old men; the Luca Cambiasos—and here we have a good example of the condensed critical perceptions to be found in the text: "Through prodigious industry he [Cambiaso] added to his inborn and unerring decorative sense a precision of line that has been rarely equalled and a mastery of wash that can only be compared to Tiepolo's; but Cambiaso's use of wash was to define volume, while Tiepolo used it to define form. Although Cambiaso resembles the great Venetian superficially, his accomplishment is of lesser order. To him the subject mattered little. Consequently his work, while often brilliant, is also empty. It lacks emotional and spiritual significance. His chief concern seems to have been to dispose the subject matter effectively and decoratively."

As this quotation indicates, the authors have not hesitated to point out the shortcomings of artists of individual drawings. At the same time they have illuminated the contributions of lesser known artists by comparison with better known. This critical material is often hidden away in scholarly discussion of attribution. I repeat: don't neglect the text volume, even though its sheer bulk may frighten you.

DAVID BURNHAM.

How It Happens. Pearl S. Buck. John Day. $3.00.

MISS BUCK interviews a German socialist refugee in New York and writes down her story, so faithfully that she even gives us her strange English, her mistranslations and her undiluted misapprehensions. It's a sorry book: Miss Buck, obviously under the impression that a "case" explains it all and that it could happen anywhere; and her co-author with a depressing genius for throwing drabness and meanness over everything. I happen to hail from the same town, was born and raised in the same neighborhood, had a similar social background, studied at the same universities; but I don't think I would be able to make it all look as hateful and mean as this lady does. Reading through this book with growing discomfort, my reaction was that the man was right who told me in Paris in 1938 that Hitler could only happen to people with no sense of humor. No single case explains a whole nation and all might have turned out very differently if these things had befallen Norway, France, Poland or even Italy. To see the snap judgments on anything Catholic according to the standard socialist-bourgeois pattern, the generalizations about Bavaria, the Rhineland and about so many other things whose significance Miss Pustau never grasped, one is not surprised that such "leadership" could never muster a following when it was needed in 1932 and 1933. Miss Buck's title, "How It Happens," suggests that in her effort to avoid a holier-than-thou attitude she implies that, given the same conditions, the same thing will happen everywhere. I refuse to accept such a desperate fatalism. I am sorry for Miss Pustau and her cinderella life, but I feel that her personal story, drab as it is, her bitterness, her unhappy parents, her brutal father who kept a whip in sight of his three daughters, are in no way an explanation of the German tragedy. Hundreds of my friends and relatives had a sunny youth, pleasant, liberal parents and were barely scratched by the catastrophes of 1918, 1923, 1929 and 1932—and yet reacted either like Miss Pustau or became nazi, convinced or unconvinced. This book leaves me thoroughly unconvinced, although sympathetic with poor Miss Pustau and kindly Miss Buck.

H. A. REINHOLD.

The Evolution of Modern Latin America. R. A. Humphreys. Oxford. $3.00.

WHILE NOT a work of original research, this volume of the respected lecturer on American history at the University of London is a valuable contribution to the understanding of evolving political, social, and economic factors in Latin America since the achievement of independence. After a chapter on geographic and ethnic characteristics of Central and South America, a résumé is given of the process of political emancipation from Europe. The story of immigration in the nineteenth century is outlined in various countries, followed by a comparative study of the elements of democracy and dictatorship. Considerable detail is given to current conditions in the "greater states" of Latin America, Argentina and Brazil, Chile and Mexico. Important chapters are devoted to hemisphere relations and to Latin America in world affairs, bringing the picture up to World War II.

The author takes a broad and well balanced view of the population problems of Latin America, which, with due allowance for different conditions in the various countries, constitute a basic and distinctive pattern in the

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evolution of practically all Latin American institutions. While giving credit to the humane and religious program of Spain relative to the Indians and thus modifying the *leyenda negra* to a considerable extent, he observes that "in the colonies the Indians were reduced to serfdom, and serfs they have remained." The Mexican revolution is called the first genuine social revolution in America, and the APRA, now renamed the Partido del Pueblo in Peru, is regarded as "the most remarkable indigenous political philosophy that Latin America has produced." With whatever qualifications one may view these statements, the author appears to be on sound ground in suggesting that the mestizo is the true Latin American of the future and that the emancipation of the Indian lies in his intermarriage with the white or with existing racial mixtures which draw him into the orbit of national life in the majority of the countries under consideration.

The survival of the large landed estates, supported by cheap or peon labor, as the author indicates, has been one of the principal reasons for a fluctuating program of immigration from Europe and for a top-heavy urbanization in various countries, including Argentina, whose principal wealth is derived from agriculture and grazing. The total number of immigrants within the last one hundred and twenty-five years is not over twelve million, principally in Argentina and Brazil, and of these many returned to the countries of their origin — Spain, Italy, Portugal, and Germany. Despite the generally beneficial influence of the immigrant, the tendency of the Latin American countries, like other sections of the globe today, is to shrink rather than expand immigration frontiers.

On the subject of government, Humphreys agrees with Bolívar that the states of Latin America got off to an over-rapid start in representative government when they needed "the kindly guardianship of paternal governments." Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Uruguay, and until recently Argentina, are cited as most nearly approaching the reality of representative democracy; Mexico and Brazil are credited with possessing elements, however precarious, of responsible, democratic government. But with an average *per capita* income in Latin America of less than $100 a year, the social structure of most of the states remains profoundly undemocratic. A challenge to the old pattern is seen in the new clash between an emerging commercial and industrial civilization and the old agrarian society. Political and economic nationalism and socialism are regarded as leading forces in molding the future. The basic issue is no longer that of democracy or dictatorship, but rather that of freedom versus servitude.

On the subject of hemisphere relations, it is observed that, in contrast to conditions of the nineteenth century, the presently accelerating diversification of Latin American economics now has the effect of joining the twenty republics together in a bloc of common interests. The Pan American system, by which all are brought together with the United States in the regional organization for peace and security, is, of course, one of the most important international developments of modern times. This hemispheric organization, however, is felt to be correlative to international relationships. The western hemisphere is shown to be neither strategically self-contained nor economically independent, and the Act of Chapultepec, the author insists, "is, and must be, complementary to the United Nations Charter." The importance of Latin America to the rest of the world, and vice versa, is increasing; but it is obvious that the Latin American nations are still dependent upon a cooperative program of international assistance, even though, as Humphreys remarks, "their needs may clash with their aspirations."

For sound and constructive thinking on the development and problems of modern Latin America, this book may well be recommended to everyone interested in the field. It is unfortunate perhaps that a chapter has not been given to cultural and religious factors in the picture.

JAMES A. MAGNER.

Kaleidoscopic Quebec. Amy Oakley. Illustrations by Thornton Oakley. Appleton. $4.00.

THIS IS A travel book filled with enthusiasm for the quaint and picturesque aspects of Quebec. Mrs. Oakley has that type of outlook which sees only the happy side of the country she is visiting. She also sees Quebec through a rosy haze of pleasant memories of provincial France. The result is charming enough for the armchair traveler, if misleading to anyone who intends to use this book as a handbook for a Quebec tour, as the publisher suggests. Personal experiences and impressions are mingled with general information (not always accurate), capsule history, and legends in a superficial narrative which jump alarmingly about the map. The book appears to be the fruit of a partial tour of the province, undertaken for the purpose in the autumn of 1945, and of several earlier and more conventional vacation visits.

"Kaleidoscopic Quebec" may serve to interest its readers in the most fascinating province of Canada, but it is not reliable in its facts. The author seems to have been content to accept casual hearsay uncritically, and in some cases she has obviously garbled her information. The statement that the Chateau Frontenac was "established by the Canadian National Railway" is a not untypical howler. Mrs. Oakley's militant Protestant attitude will alienate many Catholic readers.

The numerous drawings by the author's husband are far more attractive and accurate than the text.

MASON WADE.

The Small Community Looks Ahead. Wayland J. Hayes. Harcourt. $3.00.

THE strongest argument in favor of living in the city rests on the educational, medical, religious, cultural and other facilities which a metropolis affords. This volume is invaluable as a practical indication of what the small community with its many advantages for the family can do under enlightened leadership to provide these facilities. TVA country serves as a leading example.

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Mason WADE has recently published an admirable book on the Province of Quebec, "The French Canadian Outlook."

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